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Accidents

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ACCIDENTS

The barber has accidentally taken off an ear. It lies like something newborn on the floor in a nest of hair.

Oops, says the barber, but it musn't've been a very good ear, it came off with very little complaint.

It wasn't, says the customer, it was always overly waxed. I tried putting a wick in it to burn out the wax, thus to find my way to music. But lighting it I put my whole head on fire. It even spread to my groin and underarms and to a nearby forest. I felt like a saint. Someone thought I was a genius.

That's comforting, says the barber, still, I can't send you home with only one ear. I'll have to remove the other one. But don't worry, it'll be an accident.

Symmetry demands it. But make sure it's an accident, I don't want you cutting me up on purpose.

Maybe I'll just slit your throat.

But it has to be an accident...